



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

bought for \$480, at the Whitney sale brought \$560. Dupré's "Landscape and Cottages," which, at the Seney sale, was sold for \$1200, was knocked down to Mrs. L. Dater for \$650, and the exquisite "Twilight," by the same artist, which went for \$2000 at the Seney sale, was bought by Mr. D. P. Q. Pope for \$1000. Reichard got the little Isabey, "A French Seaport," a bargain, at \$480. There was a sentimental contest among the heirs of Mr. Graves for the possession of Merle's "Nursery Tales," which had long been a favorite in the home on account of a fanciful resemblance of some of the faces in the picture to those of certain members of the family. One of the daughters bid up to \$3000 to secure the prize for which her father had paid \$5000. The large "Shepherdess," by Jacque, which cost \$1000, was sold to Mr. James F. Sutton for \$1400. The beautiful Van Marcke went to Mr. J. C. Hoagland for \$3000.

* * *

THE American pictures, as a rule, suffered badly, some going for little more than the value of the frames. The largest price was paid for Bierstadt's "Sierra Nevada—Morning," which went to Judge Hilton for \$2450. George Inness's "Italian Landscape" was sold for \$175. Mr. J. Abner Harper for \$100 secured Blake-lock's "Indian Camp," a fair example of the genre of that erratic painter.

* * *

THE bric-à-brac, generally, went at low prices. Mr. D. P. Q. Pope bought largely, and generally got bargains. To him fell the large pair of vases, 211, at \$158 each; the carved jades, 242 and 248, at \$135 and \$200; the large double cornelian vase, 273, at \$190; the fine ivory group of "Gama and his Toads," very cheap at \$175; the Japanese long swords, 356 and 358, bargains at \$126 and \$127.50; the Mandarin vase, 376, at \$123; and the splendid incense-burner and stand, 401 and 402, at \$310 and \$110, the original cost of which was \$1200. Mr. Van Valkenburgh paid \$217.50 for a large Yung-Ching turquoise bottle vase, with "shad-roë" crackle, such as is sold for \$3000 or more. Mr. John Taylor Johnston gave only \$100 for the fine Ming, yellow Temple jar and cover, 377. Mrs. Anderson got a bargain in the large coral jar, 363, at \$145, as did Mr. Dominick (of Dominick & Haff), in the Keen-lung bottle shape vase, 364. Mr. Phillips gave \$480 for the rock crystal ball, 278, said to be four and one half inches in diameter—there is a feather flaw in it. Mr. Rockefeller bought another. The fine pair of carved ivory tusks, 344, fell to a Mr. Johnson at \$400 each—about half their cost.

* * *

AMONG the few notable lacquers was the beautiful Daimio box, 309, which went, very cheap at \$190, to some one whose name I did not ascertain. In the Japanese swords there were some remarkable bargains, Mr. E. Dwight Church getting the Daimio short sword, with silver scabbard and handle, 345, for \$225, which cost \$300, years ago in Japan, and ought to have brought \$1000; he got 347 for only \$75. Among the purchases by the dealers—generally for customers—were the incense-burner, 218, by Avery, for \$200; the jade teapot, 232, by H. J. Duveen, for \$201; the Daimio sword, 353, by the same, for \$135, and the steel-blue jade vase, by R. E. Moore, for \$75.

* * *

WHEN paintings by famous artists of to-day, by the lapse of ages, duly become works by "old masters," the features of Americans of the last quarter of the nineteenth century will be well represented. For instance, there will be Meissonier's portrait of W. H. Vanderbilt, and (if it is not indeed destroyed, as many persons believe) that of Mrs. Mackay; Madrazo's Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt; Cabanel's Mrs. Bradley Martin; Bonnat's John Taylor Johnson, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and W. T. Walters, and, of more recent date, Robert Garrett, of Baltimore, and Mr. Robb; Carolus Duran will be represented by his charming portrait of little Consuela, daughter of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, and Miss Robbins; John L. Sargent by his Miss Burkhardt, Mrs. Vickers and the Misses Vickers; Jules Lefebvre, by his recent group of the children of Mrs. Ogden Golet; and now Munkacsy has gone off and left behind portraits of Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, Dr. James McCosh and Henry G. Marquand. Of course it is barely possible that some of the painters named may not exactly be accepted as "old masters" by a critical posterity.

MONTEZUMA.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

THE twentieth annual exhibition of the American Water-Color Society at the Academy of Design is highly creditable. It is true, there are not many pictures of commanding merit; but very few fall much below mediocrity. The average standard has undoubtedly been raised by the courage of the hanging committee in rejecting about as many contributions as were accepted. There are 656 numbers in the catalogue.

Taking the rooms in order, in the north gallery one first lights upon Alice Hirschberg's pretty study of "A Willow," in cool greens and grays. Helen Purdy's clever and dashing old horses and bridge, "In Nuremberg," hangs near it, and, under that, Percival de Luce's cross-looking girl in blue and lilac, "Interrupted" while reading a novel before a tiled kitchen fireplace. Rudolph F. Bunner has a spry-looking girl riding a snail big enough to have been fattened on Pantagruel's lettuces. He calls her "Vesperia." Red roofs and brown windmill in "A Misty Morning, Holland," are by Mrs. C. B. Coman. A long quotation which Henry Farrer admires as a specimen of word painting serves as title to his poetical picture of a pool with leafless trees about it. "Around the Hearth," three unconventional peasants—girl in the middle with apples in her lap, old folks right and left—not very well composed, but well handled, is sent from Paris by Otto Stark. It is the opposite in most respects of Wm. Magrath's "The Student," which, in something more than composition, shows a decided Alma-Tadema influence: a pensive and ill-favored young Greek in a green robe, sits on a marble bench by a fountain, abstractedly watching two pretty girls in pink and yellow who are filling their pitchers. In spite of somewhat too laborious finish there is much merit in the work, which shows good painting of textures and a feeling for bright sunshine. Equally pleasing and more spontaneous is Francis C. Jones's girl in white looking at "The Favorite Print." H. W. Ranger knows where to go in New York for the picturesque, and, as a result, we have such delightful bits as his "Early Morning at Gansevoort Market," with snow on the ground and electric lights waning against a bit of yellow dawn, and, better still, his "Effect of Sunset and Snow." Homer S. Martin has, here and in the other rooms, several drawings of quiet river banks, unmatched for their modest truth and simple execution. Helen E. Roby's "Nasturtiums" are gracefully drawn and brilliantly colored. F. Childe Hassam has companion pictures of a shady nook in the country, with sunlight striking through the willows, and, as a contrast, a rainy day in the Back Bay part of Boston, with clouds of steam coming up from locomotives on the sunken railroad track. Alfred Kappes's "Julius Cæsar and his Grandmother" is one of those excellent bits of genre of negro life, in the portrayal of which he has no rival. "At the Ferry," by C. Y. Turner, marked at the modest price of \$1000, is a Dutch peasant costume subject of large size and very little interest.

In the east gallery, Charles Parsons has a disappointing "Sketch at Montclair, N. J.," and Thos. W. Shields an equally disappointing architectural subject, "Piazza St. Andrea, Amalfi." The buildings, with their colored exterior decorations, are certainly interesting, but such subjects are not in the artist's line. Horatio Walker's "Peasant Woman," wringing out some clothes in a dark kitchen, is effective, and good in action and expression. Jas. D. Smillie has a chromoish Etréat, Normandy, which the catalogue kindly informs us is on the coast of France. Perhaps it was from there that has come Geo. W. Maynard's French maid, who is making her fellow-servant acquainted with the contents of a yellow-covered novel in "A Free Translation." Bruce Crane is one of the many who has tried to paint snow this year and failed. In his "Over the Hills" the distance comes forward and the foreground recedes. "Gray Twilight," by Charles Melville Dewey, is wrongly named. It is a rich bit of color, autumn woods and evening sky. "On the Dunes" and "A Costume Study" are two of a number of clever little things by Robert Blum. Thomas Moran's "The Guidecca, Venice," is in his most fluent Turner-esque vein. H. Muhrman's excellent group of "Children Crossing a Creek" is very strongly painted and richly colored, but has nothing of the quality of an aquarelle, with its uniform opacity, save where he has scratched the paper for his lights. Newton A. Wells's painfully stippled and wooden picture of "The Bath," with the refractory child screaming "I don't want to!" may please the

nursery-maid, but the artist will turn from it with a smile.

Thoroughly admirable in color are John La Farge's "Aphrodite" and "Saint Elizabeth of Hungary," the latter, especially, which can only be compared with a mosaic of precious stones sparkling in full sunlight. These charming bits of decoration are the first things to greet us on entering the south gallery. Mr. La Farge's clever pupil, John Johnstone, is also represented here, and very creditably, with his poetical little compositions, "A Water Baby" and a "Mermaid on a Dolphin," which show how nearly he has come to mastering Mr. La Farge's secrets of color. William H. Lippincott has an extremely clever study of a hand, and a very pretty hand it is. To F. S. Church the visitor is indebted for some exquisitely delicate bits of color and poetic invention. One can well envy Mr. W. T. Evans the possession of "White Swans and Pink Lilies," a panel which should find a home in the daintiest boudoir in the land. In "Sketching from Nature," Mr. Church shows a decorative tangle of brushwood and foliage, and on the lower margin a sweet nymph sitting under the shade of a tree sketching a group of rabbits, which are posing with the most comical air of self-consciousness. In a totally different vein he shows us two bears, one dead and the other in a state of "Desolation"—the title of the picture—sending up a frozen howl from Oonalaska's shore. Leon Moran's "Gentleman of the Eighteenth Century" is masterly in technic, but is only a costume study. "An Interesting Story" is no less admirable in execution, and shows excellent expression in the faces of the men in last century attire. Percy Moran has several contributions, all clever, if not all interesting. Moran père has seven pictures, of which we prefer his "Off the Battery"—given in oils, in a somewhat different composition, at the recent exhibition at the Lotus Club. The suggestion of bustle and activity conveyed by the snorting little tug which is ploughing up the water is good so far as it goes; but it might be carried further, by corresponding indications on the shore, by, let us say, ascending jets of steam from the factories, which, with their beautiful gray, lend themselves charmingly to such pictorial purposes. Mr. Moran might also sacrifice something of truth to picturesqueness by introducing an outgoing steamer or two, although, perhaps, such vessels are not to be encountered "off the Battery."

A. H. Wyant has a misty "Forenoon in Kerry," and Mary Minns Morse "A White Day on Long Island Sound." Emil Carlsen's "Moncour" is a remarkably successful painting of a very simple subject—a road and bit of meadow, with a few gray houses in the distance. F. D. Millet sends a Greek girl seated by a circular window in a palace tower, with a wreath of roses "For the Victor" in the contest which she is supposed to be watching. All, doubtless, is archæologically, as well as anatomically, correct, but it is impossible to account for the similarity of the light inside and outside the window, except on the supposition that the former comes from some unseen window or door on the opposite side. There is little to be said in praise of Alfred Fredericks's "Amphitrite and Her Shell Fleet," japanned tin, which, by way of contrast presumably, is hung close to Geo. W. Maynard's very unconventional "Sea Witch." This shows nice feeling in the treatment of the flesh tints, and the wave painting is strong; but the anatomy of the curious, sportive creature, which should be human, at least so far as the torso is concerned, is more than doubtful. Henry B. Snell's "Burgomaster's Daughter" is handsome; Matilda Brown's "Pansies" are fresh and flowerlike; and F. Hopkinson Smith's "January Thaw"—a capital representation of Madison Square, looking south—is properly slushy and muddy, although, from some reason or another, the scene does not look like one in New York. A really fine work is J. Alden Weir's "Consolation," a high-church looking young widow, who might be the heroine of a novel by Trollope, sitting with her back to the dim light that finds it way across a genteelly furnished room, a little girl in white being on the floor beside her. The same clever artist, who is unusually well represented at this exhibition, sends a delightfully painted "portrait" of a little fellow in a high chair, playing a solo with his spoon on a tin porringer, and "The First Snow," if we are not wrong in our guess—for we only get a back view this time—shows the same delightful little urchin looking out of the window, with the dog, which is standing on its hind legs to get a better view of the street.

A. M. Turner has found a charming subject in his

"Cradle Song." In the humble interior, the beautiful young mother, turned full-faced toward us, is undoubtedly singing, and the father, seen in profile, accompanies her on the flute. It is poetically conceived, but the execution is too laborious in the carrying out of details. In the finish of the flesh it is curious to notice the free use of pure green in the elaborate stippling and cross-hatchings. The biggest still-life picture in the exhibition is the splendid "tour de force" of Kathleen H. Greator's "Russian Tea." The polished samovar, the tray of tea-cups, and big bowl of flowers, are all treated with astonishing vigor. The rendering of the textures of the transparent porcelain and of the heavy white table-cloth is simply marvellous. The whole is broadly washed in on wet paper, apparently without any aid from body color. Carlton Wiggins's "Barnyard Fowls," bantams, principally, are vigorous, and Ada H. Kent's "Bennett Roses" are refined in drawing. H. Muhrmann's "Returning Home in the Moonlight" is a rich and quiet composition.

Mr. La Farge has brought back from Japan a fine little study of a masked dancer in voluminous drapery of citron and russet hues, charming both as to color and drawing. It is warm, living, and full of motion. His winter study, hung near by, shows excellent painting of snow in transparent washes.

No less than ten contributions by W. Hamilton Gibson are hung, and most of them are worthy of his reputation, but it is difficult to understand how he can fail to see the injury he does to such a delicate landscape as he shows at the end of the south gallery—we forget the title—by introducing the ribbon of river in body color, which throws the whole picture out of value. "High and Dry," by James G. Tyler, is a good little study of a sail-boat. "Our Country Home," by Arthur Parton, shows an old farm-house, suggesting, by its deep color, twilight rather than moonlight. The unfortunate woman of "The Scarlet Letter," by Rhoda Holmes Nichols, passing over a slate-gray bridge in front of a street of slate-gray houses, while disappointing as a whole, is suggestive of the undoubted strength of this clever artist. The principal figure should be repainted, if possible, for it is the most unsuccessful part of the picture.

Before taking leave of the south gallery we must bestow a word of praise on Mr. De Thulstrup's spirited "Artillery Going into Action," full of excellent work; and some delicate and poetical landscape painting by J. Francis Murphy, J. C. Nicol, R. M. Shurtleff, and Charles Melville Dewey. Mr. Symington's girls in peasant costume, "They're Coming," shows better drawing than perspective.

The corridor contains little that is very bad and as little that is very good. Joseph H. Boston's "Onions and Pumpkin" shows that he knows what sort of subject is good for a still-life painter to handle, and leads us to expect better things in the same line from him in future. His "Our Janitor," a rough-whiskered fellow in blue blouse and red neckerchief, is more successful as a study, but does not interest us so much as the vegetables. Alice Hirschberg's "Maggie Tulliver in the Red Deeps" can be commended as an all-round good piece of work both as to the figure and landscape. Will H. Drake's "In the Woods" also deserves praise for careful painting of tree-trunks and foliage. Rosina Emmet has a charming "Head of a Girl."

THE ETCHING CLUB EXHIBITION.

SCATTERED among much commercial etching, executed, evidently, to meet the demands of the trade, are some works of decided merit. Reginald Cleveland Cox's two large plates, "The Fog Whistle" and "In the Narrows," are especially noticeable for their original, but simple and legitimate, treatment of the effect of a big ocean steamship in a fog. The feeling of the damp sea mist is admirably expressed, and the water is excellent in movement. Mr. Cox's first etchings—as we believe these to be—like his paintings of marine subjects, appeal especially to those persons familiar with the sea, of which this clever young artist seems to be a constant and observant student. Two frames of etchings for the forthcoming catalogue of the A. T. Stewart collection contain creditable work; particularly so are Sydney L. Smith's "Objects of Art," J. S. King's "After the Ball," from the picture by Alfred Stevens; C. Y. Turner's "Boy with the Kettle," after Murillo; and Wm. M. Chase's very well rendered "Cattle," after Troyon. For the same catalogue, Swain Gifford contributes another plate after Troyon—"Landscape and Cattle"—and

Thomas Moran an excellent rendering of "The Month of May," after Daubigny. Hamilton Hamilton's large etching after Jules Breton's "Communiantes" is rather hard as a whole, but in parts, such as the children's dresses, it shows much technical skill. His "Hanging of the Crane," after F. C. Jones, is handled in a larger manner. C. Y. Turner might have tried a more suitable subject than Rembrandt's "Portrait of a Man," the original of which is in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, and we believe he has never seen it. S. Colman has a good group of cypress trees; Mrs. Nimmo Moran has lost none of her vigor, and there is much good work by Charles A. Platt, Stephen Parrish, J. C. Nicoll, H. Pruett Share and Blanche Dillaye. Thomas Hovenden has made a strong plate from his well-known painting of fishermen's wives, "The Harbor Bar is Moaning." The Etching Club's catalogue is illustrated with eight etchings by Colman, Freer, Gifford, Monks, Shelton, C. Y. Turner, Harper and Thomas Moran.

ETCHINGS IN BOSTON.

THE season in Boston has been remarkable for exhibitions of etchings. Induced, no doubt, by a special exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts of the life-work of the eminent Dutch etcher, Charles Storm van s'Gravesande, one dealer has made a fine exhibition of architectural etchings notable for a rare collection among them of the old Italian Paresine, and especially for a rich group of Haig's splendid plates; and another, an exhibition of the work of the rising American etcher, Stephen Parrish, of Philadelphia. The Van s'Gravesande exhibition at the Museum was a representative one, with an elaborate catalogue which gave as a permanent record for the use of amateurs a complete enumeration of the titles of all his works, two hundred and forty in number, of which one hundred and fifty were here exhibited. Though not complete, as was the exhibition by Keppel in New York two years ago, the exhibition here had the advantage of showing all the plates of any importance finished by Van s'Gravesande since 1885, thus giving a full view of the great etcher's progress from his earliest attempts to the present time. All this seems to have been a labor of love on the part of Professor R. A. Rice, of Williams College. To judge from the preface to the catalogue, Professor Rice is very sympathetic with the artist, both as artist and as man, and has arranged, it appears, to prepare in conjunction with the etcher a still fuller, and much more elaborate, catalogue of his works. There can be hardly a doubt that the subject is worthy of all these pains, although some of our foremost lovers of etchings declare that there is many another etcher more to their taste both among the Englishmen and among the Frenchmen. The first interesting thing always told about s'Gravesande is that he is of gentle birth. Hamerton, who, in his second edition of "Etching and Etchers," says that he is worthy of a whole chapter to himself, and accordingly gives him one, states in a footnote that he is a Dutch gentleman (born 1841) with the title of Jonkeen, and son of the Vice-President of the House of Representatives, that he studied for the Bar and won the degree of Doctor of Law at the Leyden University, but preferred the career of artist. Hamerton does not introduce this family detail into his criticism, but Professor Rice does (and the professor's critical paragraphs are very clear-sighted, candid and just, as well as sympathetic), and finds that the circumstances of affluence in which the artist has happily passed his life have delivered him from the necessity of following the dictates of the dealers—"that necessity which has embittered the lives and limited the true work of so many artists." Hamerton finds the distinguishing grace of s'Gravesande's etching in its union of simplicity and beauty, holding "that the power of etching simply and beautifully at the same time is very rare," although "this gift is the gift for an etcher," saving him infinite manual toil and loss of time which might be spent in what is more essentially art. Professor Rice is even happier than Hamerton, which is saying a great deal, in his critical characterization of s'Gravesande, that "Van s'Gravesande has not the marvellous delicacy, and, at the same time unerring surety of line which some of Whistler's plates exhibit. He has not the dash and verve of Seymour Haden at his best, but he has other qualities—certain qualities of heart and mind as well as eye—which are not the gift of all etchers. His strength is never wholly without tenderness, nor is his delicacy ever without serious purpose. He has that charming hesitancy, that almost

childlike shyness, which makes us feel that we are in the presence of a refined imagination the very opposite of the affronting dexterity noticeable in many modern etchers. His work exhibits, in short, a sanity which recalls the spirit of Méryon, a healthful rightness and directness which attracts and holds." Permit me to observe, by the way, that this delicate appreciation on the part of a New England college professor shows how surely and truly we are getting hold of art in America, not only mastering the details of technique, but feeling also its spirit in the right way. For this college professor, away up at Williamstown, Mass., has made a most painstaking study of the technical, as well as of the spiritual, characteristics of his subject, tracing step by step through the numbers of the exhibition the development of technical skill up to the later triumphs over the difficulties of the drypoint, the very "difficulty, the resistance" of which this gentleman-etcher had come to enjoy. The visitor to this notable exhibition, which occupied one of the print-rooms at the Museum during January and February, could not but be subdued to the quiet, unaffectedly simple and gentle spirit of the scenes and phenomena on the broad shallow expanses of the Dutch waters reflected in these prints as in mirrors. Nothing cried at you from the walls, nothing extravagant in romantic subject or treatment, no mounting waves, no brilliant "arrangements" in effects, no impossible lights, no impossible shadows, only the faithful and the true set down in that "modesty of nature," which, after all, is the great test in every art. The merits had to grow upon one and come to full appreciation after examination and meditation. A little dry thing, as it first appeared, consisting of almost parallel scratches and of no "effect," as a whole, would end by showing you all the soft drowsiness, fatness, mistiness and *wetness* of the Low Countries; and one with a few soft patches of rich black, representing the sails of Dutch luggers drifting home in the twilight over a glassy sea, would come to reveal such wonders of light, space and atmosphere, that it would haunt you like a real scene for days, with its tender, but not strained, sentiment. Of such are the works of art made, not for the market, but for truth.

I hear that an understanding has been reached between the Museum authorities and Mr. S. R. Koehler, the eminent critic of etchings and engravings, by which he will shortly assume charge of the print department of the Museum. As the Gray collection, which at present constitutes the chief possessions of the Museum in this line, belongs to Harvard University, the action of the government of that institution will be necessary before the change is effected. But the Harvard authorities' assent is a foregone conclusion, and so the important end will be reached that another specialist, with a well-ordered department under his control and responsibility, will have been added to the organization of the Museum. The finances of the institution are rapidly getting into such a condition that this plan of classification and division of labor and responsibilities can be followed throughout, and whatever is admitted to the collections will have some trustworthy stamp and value set upon it by competent authority. Mr. Koehler holds that a collection of prints cannot be too large and catholic—that, indeed, it should fulfil the function of "the art preservative of all arts" by furnishing to students of every art the abstract and brief chronicle of any given age or subject. He would like to see gathered a great collection of prints like the collections in Berlin and in Paris, to which the historical student, the artist, the novelist, the architect, the dramatist and the actor can apply for enlightenment and direction as to the details of the subject in hand. For such purposes not only the masterpieces and rarities of engraving would be useful, but also the rudest and the most ephemeral prints would have their value. The whole history of an epoch, of a revolution, of a war, or any social movement or tendency, can be made out in the prints of a time with greater fulness and accuracy than even a Macaulay could reconstruct them in letter-press alone. Of course such a scheme must be reserved for practical realization, or even for the beginnings of it, to the future. It would be physically impossible, indeed, in the present crowded state of this Museum. Great stores of precious things lie now unpacked in its basement for lack of space to exhibit them. If all goes as well as at present, however, this year will witness a start upon the construction of the new wings of the present building, and what is already admitted to be the most comprehensive representative collection of the arts in the country will be seen to be also far more extensive than it now appears to be.

GRETA.